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HERBERT
KAUFMAN

HERBERT KAUFMAN is one of the great thought-moulders of our time—indeed I think he is the greatest.

—C. ARTHUR PEARSON

LIKE notes from a silver bell hit with a steel hammer, they reverberate around the world.

—R. H. DAVIS, Editor of "MUNSEY'S"

I WOULD rather own Kaufman's God-driven pen than Rockefeller's and Morgan's combined fortunes.

—THOMAS W. LAWSON

THE picturesque vigor, brilliancy and directness of his style may be appreciated by those suffering from the obsession that literature is the product of a dead writer.

—JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE

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THREE NOTABLE ESTIMATES
OF HIS POWER AND PLACE

THE MAN OF VISION

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF "KINGS, QUEENS AND PAWNS," "K," ETC., ETC.

MORE than any writer I know Herbert Kaufman seems to me to have the faculty of getting under the skin of humanity. No hypocrisy lies too deep for him. But while on occasions he uses his pen like a weapon, he is also an idealist. I am convinced, for instance, that his strong and dynamic poems will live after much that is merely lyric and beautiful will be forgotten.

In his editorials it is not only that he puts into words things we have always vaguely known but never formulated. He thinks new thoughts. He sees from a new and different angle. Perhaps that one word, "different," is the key to his work, as it is to his personality. He is not like anyone else. He does not write like anyone else.

It is strange to think that, vivid American that he is, England appreciated him while America was learning to know his work. He startled the English out of their literary lethargy. He told them new things in a new way. He brought truth up out of a quagmire and flung it at them.

His methods are unique. Words, which are tools to most of us, are slaves to him. And he works under that over-used word, "inspiration." To most writers comes one hour in the day, or one hour in the week, when things "march." For want of a better word, we call it inspiration. But I think Herbert Kaufman always works that way. The neces-

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sity brings the impulse. He closes the door and ideas come. They come too fast. Many of them are lost. The mere overflow would be literary capital to a dozen.

I know. I know his methods, his vast literary capital, which with all his achievements, he is only beginning to draw on. I have seen him take an involved situation and characterize it in a single word. If I seem over-emphatic about his use of words, it is a matter of pure envy. They are my tools, as they are his, but they are not my slaves.

But, after all, writing is not a matter of words, as a house is not a matter of bricks. Methods never made a writer, nor words. Even Herbert Kaufman's curious explosive, fairly artillery-like method of firing the English language, would fail if there were not behind it something large and vital. An ideal, for lack of a better word. A conviction. A vision.

Strange mixture of fire and practicality, of fancy and fact, dreamer of big dreams, Herbert Kaufman cannot be ignored. You may hate him or you may admire him. But be sure of one thing. You will never forget him.

HERBERT KAUFMAN, THE APOSTLE OF MAN SCIENCE

BY EDGAR BEECHER BRONSON

AUTHOR OF "REMINISCENCES OF A RANCHMAN," "THE RED BLOODED,"
"THE VANGUARD," "IN CLOSED TERRITORY," ETC.

NO one who knows much of Herbert Kaufman and his work can possibly write of him save in such hyper-superlatives as to sound silly adulation to any who do not know him.

But that is not the fault of those of us who know him. He compels no less of all who know him well.

However in his short life he has managed to find time to burgle the human heart and possess himself of intimate familiarity with all its treasures and foibles; to master so

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much of the long gamut of world history; to learn to tread as safely the field of mythology as the mazes of the modern sciences and the devious paths of modern social, commercial and political life; to exhaust the stores of philosophy; to develop a style that for lucidity, trip-hammer vigor, fertility and virility of epigram has no equal among the writers of English of his time, no man will ever learn.

For a good reason.

He has done nothing of the sort.

However the subtlest spiritual agencies can have managed it must always remain a mystery; but the only logical explanation of Kaufman is that he is the reincarnation, in a single human unit, of at least a dozen of the most heavily freighted minds of history, come among us pre-charged with all the wealth of their knowledge and wisdom.

Every page he writes is a casket brimming with jewels of sane philosophy.

Perhaps he is a manifestation of Providence.

Certainly he so appears.

Come among us when the pulpit, with few exceptions, is nigh moribund of intellectual anemia and moral cowardice; when the lecture platform no more echoes the tread of mental stalwarts; when editorial pens are far too often shackled by publishers' policies; when metropolitans, masses and classes alike, have lost capacity to divert or mentally occupy themselves, and must needs give all their spare hours to one form or another of canned amusement, served hot off some manager's griddle by one class or another of paid public entertainers, the shrewd blade of Herbert Kaufman's intellectual scalpel is boldly exposing the individual, social, commercial and political vices and cancers that blight our times.

To be sure, more or less of them have always blighted "the time," everybody's "times," from the dawn of history; and precisely so will they continue to blight "the times" of remotest posterity—at least, unless and until human hearts are purged of envy, and of greed and hatred.

But all who read and well heed this superbly gifted

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apostle of optimism, of work, of effort, of tireless, terrific effort, of efficiency and self-confidence, of POSSIBILITY, cannot fail to find themselves spiritually uplifted and materially bettered.

For from the shoulders of his disciples fall their burdens, like a loosened mantle, and obstacles in their paths they take gaily, in their stride.

Christian Science?

Nothing of the sort.

Just MAN SCIENCE—the science of being a MAN, under all circumstances, of shirking nothing and battling cheerfully to the end, battling hardest where the contra odds are longest.

The power of the man, his dynamic, convincing, compelling power to help those his voice reaches, lies in the fact that he sincerely believes, and in his own life practices, all that he teaches.

So now testifies, to the best of his knowledge and belief, one who has been privileged to know him intimately for many years.

“RED-BLOODED, MILITANT OPTIMISM”

BY ERNEST S. SIMPSON
IN THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

HERBERT KAUFMAN'S editorials have set a new mark in journalism. His genius—it is not less than genius—needs no hammering or filing or buffing. Many of us think such thoughts; some of us, with much pains, write them, or at them; a very few may say them, minting as they speak new and true ringing coinage of speech. To read Kaufman is to hear him.

These Herbert Kaufman editorials have made him famous wherever men of our speech hire or are hired. And they have done vastly more than this, have taken the ache out

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of many and many a toil-tired back and work-weary heart; have rooted up the weeds of despair and planted new hope in many a field of unprospering endeavor; have scourged out unfaith and distrust and summoned back that belief in self and self's fellows without which there is no succeeding.

I do not marvel at all to see them pasted above the worker's bench and above the general manager's desk, as they may be found in store, and office, and factory.

They seem to me of the finest and strongest and most helpful deliverances that have been penned

"Since spoken word man's spirit stirred
Beyond his belly need."

In them there is a simple philosophy and a true one, else they would not have gone home to the hearts of men. You may amuse and even please with mere words deftly sorted out and cunningly strung together with such trick of color and rhythm as to make a kind of prose music, but those words must bear a message and say a truth if they are to live and breathe and be believed. It is the essence of Kaufman's writing that he has a gospel and a creed. Words are his willing servants. For him they glow and shine, ranging themselves in swift companies and flinging themselves upon the understanding. But the real merit of his work is not a thing of form or manner; it is in the vital truths he illumines with his many faceted fancy; it is, in fine, his philosophy and not the verbal felicity and facility in which he garments it.

Optimism, a sturdy, red-blooded, militant optimism, seems to me the master note of Kaufman's philosophy. The unconquerable soul he sings, and strength and courage and energy.

And withal Kaufman's is a philosophy as keen-eyed for fraud and sham as it is kindly for whatever honest effort is put forth with a man's whole heart and strength; a philosophy of liberal and generous tolerance, of charity, of fairness, broad, frank and intensely human.

THE DREAMERS

THEY are the architects of greatness. Their vision lies within their souls. They never see the mirages of Fact, but peer beyond the veils and mists of doubt and pierce the walls of unborn Time.

The World has accoladed them with jeer and sneer and jibe, for worlds are made of little men who take but never give; who share but never spare; who cheer a grudge and grudge a cheer.

Wherefore, the paths of progress have been sobs of blood dropped from their broken hearts.

Makers of empire, they have fought for bigger things than crowns, and higher seats than thrones. Fanfare and pageant and the right to rule or will to love are not the fires which wrought their resolutions into steel. Grief only streaks their hairs with silver, but has never grayed their hopes.

They are the Argonauts, the seekers of the priceless fleece,—the Truth.

Through all the ages they have heard the voice of Destiny call to them from the unknown vasts. They dare uncharted seas, for they are the makers of the charts. With only cloth of courage at their masts and with no compass save their dreams, they sail away undaunted for the far, blind shores.

Their brains have wrought all human miracles. In lace of stone their spires stab the Old World's skies and with their golden crosses kiss the sun.

The belted wheel, the trail of steel, the churning screw,

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are shuttles in the loom on which they weave their magic tapestries.

A flash out in the night leaps leagues of snarling seas and cries to shore for help, which, but for one man's dream, would never come.

Their tunnels plow the river bed and chain island to the Motherland.

Their wings of canvas beat the air and add the highways of the eagle to the human paths.

A God-hewn voice swells from a disc of glue and wells out through a throat of brass, caught sweet and whole, to last beyond the maker of the song, because a dreamer dreamt.

What would you have of fancy or of fact if hands were all with which men had to build?

Your homes are set upon the land a dreamer found. The pictures on its walls are visions from a dreamer's soul. A dreamer's pain wails from your violin.

They are the chosen few—the Blazers of the Way—who never wear Doubt's bandage on their eyes—who starve and chill and hurt, but hold to courage and to hope, because they know that there is always proof of truth for them who try,—that only cowardice and lack of faith can keep the seeker from his chosen goal; but if his heart be strong and if he dream enough and dream it hard enough, he can attain, no matter where men failed before.

Walls crumble and empires fall. The tidal wave sweeps from the sea and tears a fortress from its rocks. The rotting nations drop from off Time's bough, and only things the dreamers make live on.

They are the Eternal Conquerors; their vassals are the years.

—From *The Efficient Age*.

NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY.

“MAGGIE”

THAT'S right—dive on through the crowd and get in front or you won't find a seat. It's six o'clock and the shops are out. If you wait for the women to get aboard, you'll have to stand up all the way home. *There's* a vacant place! Shoulder past that girl—you're stronger. You did it! Now, lean back and have a comfortable half-hour with the news.

Why does she moon at you with such tired eyes? It's unfair to make you uncomfortable—mask your face with the paper—she can stand as well as you—better. She's had more practice—that's all she has done all day long. So a little while longer won't make much difference to her. If women *will* insist on going home just at the time men leave their offices, they mustn't be querulous if they find the cars crowded.

The old ideas about courtesy and chivalry are getting to be moss-grown poppycock. They were well enough in the romantic age, but this is the business epoch.

We haven't time to pause for such foolish notions nowadays. Besides, now that women are competing with men, they must forego some of the privileges of the sex and not hope to be coddled—there's no sex in business. Dollars and cents and sentimentality can't be blended.

Meanwhile Maggie hangs onto the strap and wearily shifts her weight from one tired foot to the other. She doesn't resent your boorishness—she's growing used to it—lots of ideals get nicked when women go to work.

She left home yesterday morning, three hours earlier than your wife arose. It was dark in the room when her ninety-nine-cent alarm clock tattooed her out of bed.

She had to light the gas to find her clothes—the water

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in the pitcher wore a skin of ice—(they don't build stationary wash basins with hot and cold water faucets in three-dollar-a-week "boudoirs").

All day long (and all days are long in the shops) she was standing, stretching, bending, smiling—please don't forget the smile—perhaps you noticed it the last time you came to her counter. You smiled, too. Hers, however, was a different sort—it's one of the requirements—Rule 27—"Be cheerful."

Yours was more of a social grin—a knowing, engaging, subtle, inviting affair. Oh, "they can't tell you anything about these shop-girls."

But it may be worth while to learn something about them. And when you do, chances are that you won't smile in quite the same way.

They're women who must make good—good women, or they wouldn't be drudging out their lives for a crust and a sup and a strip of bed. Just as frail as your women, with the same sort of souls and hearts and with the same yearning hunger for care and tenderness. Young women growing old at the rate of 24-months-a-year—women without chances or with lost chances. Some marry—some were married—most of them hope to be.

Usually they're strong. But sometimes the half-starvation and the half-warmth and the longing for better shelter and all the food they'd like to eat and——

But most of them keep on. Keep on playing by the rules—harder rules than yours—in a tougher game and for smaller stakes.

Women just as wholesome as your own—often with as good blood in their veins. Women who haven't lost anything except protection. They're paying the fiddler because their fathers didn't pay their insurance premiums.

The grey mists veil the brightest of their days—the

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menace of to-morrow is always between—a to-morrow whose hope fades with their fading and whose approach may only be provided against by the hoarded piece of silver wrenched out of a ten-dollar bill from which must also come board and lodging and carfare and clothes and doctor's bills and vacations and——

Why aren't you smiling?

—From *Neighbours*.

NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY.

WHY ARE YOU WEEPING, SISTER?

WHY are you weeping, Sister?

Why are you sitting alone?

I am bent and gray

And I've lost the way.

All my to-morrows were yesterday.

I traded them off for a wanton's pay.

I bartered my graces for silks and laces

My heart I sold for a pot of gold—

Now I'm old.

Why did you do it, Sister?

Why did you sell your soul?

I was foolish and fair and my limbs were rare.

I longed for life's baubles and did not care.

When we know not the price to be paid, we dare

I listened when Vanity lied to me

And I ate the fruit of The Bitter Tree—

Now I'm old.

Why are you lonely, Sister?

Where have your friends all gone?

Friends I have none, for I went the road

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Where women must harvest what men have sowed
And they never come back when the field is mowed.
They gave the lee of the cup to me
But I was blinded and would not see—
Now I'm old.

Where are your lovers, Sister?
Where are your lovers now?
My lovers were many but all have run.
I betrayed and deceived them every one
And they lived to learn what I had done.
A poisoned draught from my lips they quaffed
And I who knew it was poisoned, laughed—
Now I'm old.

Will they not help you, Sister?
In the name of your common sin?
There is no debt, for my lovers bought.
They paid my price for the things I brought.
I made the terms so they owe me naught.
I have no hold, for 'twas I who sold.
One offered his heart, but mine was cold—
Now I'm old.

Where is that lover, Sister?
He will come when he knows your need.
I broke his hope and I stained his pride.
I dragged him down in the undertide.
Alone and forsaken by me he died.
The blood that he shed is on my head,
For all the while I knew that he bled—
Now I'm old.

Is there no mercy, Sister,
For the wanton whose course is spent?
When a woman is lovely the world will fawn.

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But not when her beauty and grace are gone,
When her face is seamed and her limbs are drawn.
I've had my day and I've had my play.
In my winter of loneliness I must pay—
Now I'm old.

What of the morrow, Sister?
How shall the morrow be?
I must feed to the end upon remorse.
I must falter alone in my self-made course.
I must stagger alone with my self-made cross.
For I bartered my graces for silks and laces,
My heart I sold for a pot of gold—
Now I'm old.

—From *Poems*.

NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY.

THE CLOCK THAT HAD NO HANDS

NEWSPAPER advertising is to business what hands are to a clock. It is a direct and *certain* means of letting the public know *what you are doing*. In these days of intense and vigilant commercial contest, a dealer who does not advertise is like *a clock that has no hands*. He has no way of recording his movements. He can no more expect a twentieth century success with nineteenth century methods, than he can wear the same sized shoes as a *man*, which fitted him in his *boyhood*.

His father and mother were content with neighborhood shops and bobtail cars; nothing better could be had in

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their day. They were accustomed to *seek* the merchant instead of being sought *by* him. They dealt "around the corner" in one-story shops which depended upon the *immediate friends* of the dealer for support. So long as the city was made up of such neighborhood units, each with a full outfit of butchers, bakers, clothiers, jewelers, furniture dealers and shoemakers, it was possible for the proprietors of these little establishments to exist and make a profit.

But as population increased, transit facilities spread, sections became specialized, block after block was entirely devoted to stores, and mile after mile became solely occupied by homes.

The purchaser and the storekeeper *grew farther and farther apart*. It was *necessary* for the merchant to find a *substitute* for his direct personality, which *no longer served* to draw customers to his door. *He had to have a bond between the commercial center and the home center*. Rapid transit eliminated distance but advertising was necessary to inform people *where* he was located and *what he had to sell*. It was a natural outgrowth of changed conditions—the beginning of a *new era* in trade which no longer relied upon personal acquaintance for success.

Something more wonderful than the fabled philosopher's stone came into being, and the beginnings of *fortunes which would pass the hundred million mark and place tradesmen's daughters upon Oriental thrones* grew from this new force. Within fifty years it has become as vital to industry as *steam to commerce*.

Advertising is *not a luxury nor a debatable policy*. *It has proven its case*. Its record is traced in the skylines of cities where a hundred towering buildings stand as a les-

son of reproach to the men who had the *opportunity* but *not* the *foresight*, and furnish a constant inspiration to the *young merchant* at the *threshold* of his career.

—From *The Clock That Had No Hands*.
NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY.

THE LITTLE BROTHERS OF DESTRUCTION

LITTLE habits destroy great men. Big mistakes seldom wreck.

Great cliffs do not menace the mariner, but hidden reefs and sunken rocks send many a good ship to the bottom.

The redwood climbs into the skies, brushing the clouds with his century-laden branches, contemptuous of hurricane and earthquake and fire—defiant of disaster—impregnable to every force except the gnaw of worm and the bore of beetle.

The Titans that tear fortresses from their seats and fling tidal waves across an empire are impotent against the masters of the grove.

But the Little Brothers of Destruction, born to die within a puny hour, relentlessly and doggedly persisting in their mission, unreckoning of time, pursue without pause the task that is never abated until the lord of the forest, eaten to the core, totters and crashes under his own weight.

No man is stronger than his petty weaknesses. No career is invulnerable.

Carelessness, recklessness and self-complacency expose the heel of every Achilles.

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The monsters of mythology and romance were just big bluffs; they brought no peril to humanity—they advertised themselves too prominently.

The enemy, marching with blare of trumpet and beat of drum, stands no show because he makes too much show. It's the ambuscaded regiment, the troop in the trenches, that play havoc.

All the dragons and salamanders in legend weren't one whit as terrible as the germs and microbes and bacilli rioting through the rotten blood of one infected vagrant.

A solitary rat, laden with the couriers of plague, frowns more darkly upon civilization than a thousand herds of rampageous, blatant, bellowing dinosaurs.

We can deal with anything that we can manhandle.

Glaring follies are only temporarily distressing. The instant they become sufficiently prominent to attract attention they invite timely criticism.

It's the little things that you hide—the mean, tricky, selfish, secret, soul-biting, heart-eating, brain-draining microbe habits—which you alone know, and which none but you can deal with—that drag you down in your prime and your pride.

Self-control is the key to the cure. Anybody can withstand a colossal temptation.

True mastery lies in the battle with ridiculous and infinitesimal indulgences—none important by itself, but, like coral insects, pitilessly, unflaggingly combining their harmful mites, until they erect a reef within your nature upon which opportunity and hope founder and are forever lost.

—From *Neighbours*.

NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY.

THE SONG OF IMAGINATION

THIS is the song of Imagination:

Mine are the wings on which souls soar into the unborn years.

Mine are the sails that speed the ships of fancy across the seas of time.

I am the crucible that transmutes impossibilities into achievement.

I am the loom that weaves the tapestries for history.

I am the giant crane of the brain.

I am the lens that magnifies the farthest star and the hand that reaches to its height.

Mine is the eye that pierces mount-sides and sees the treasures of the rock.

I am the herald of things to be—guide to civilization—architect of evolution—I strike the soul-spark that warms clay to kinship with immortals.

I am the dream of man-awake.

All that is mighty on earth and all that is noble in might—all that is finest and farthest and fairest my pencil sketched.

I stand upon the desert sands and summon fruitful waters from the hills to slake the parching wastes.

I survey highways in the wilderness and beckon courage to the new-found roads.

I tear the bolts from out the hands of Jove and harness them to wheel and lamp.

I spin a wonder-web of wires o'er the miles, and gift the strands with speech.

I drive my iron horses over mountain peaks.

I blend the pigments for the painter's brush and orchestrate musician's hands.

I am Revelation—Horizon, Vision, Hope, Faith—the Light Eternal.

I AM THE VOICE OF GOD.

I whisper, and walls rise into the clouds, and surgeons'

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knives find foulness in sick flesh and wings of canvas breast the winds, and unseen ships hear cries of help scream from a leaping spark.

I sow tomorrow with good seed.

Without me man is meat.

Swords have won nothing for the world—great fights are fought with thought.

'Twas I who taught the wheel-maker and the tool-shaper and the rail-layer and the boat-builder.

I am the Master in Man.

I am Opportunity. I stalk in the sunrise. At dusk, Time the Sweep brushes away my track, but Tomorrow I come to walk anew.

—From *Woman's World*.

IMPOSSIBILITIES ARE THE FAILURES OF LAZY MEN

IMPOSSIBILITIES are merely the half-hearted efforts of quitters. The man who won't go through to the finish has finished at the start. If he hasn't pluck enough to hang on, he must hang back. We can't afford to regulate the pace of progress to accommodate the laggard.

The lazy man has always failed in every spot and in everything. He's a weed in the way of a producer. He absorbs more than he earns. He checks the growth of well-planted endeavor.

He's a sterile seed. The winds of fortune may drift him successively to a dozen rich soils, but no matter where he lands, he's useless.

Even when he does meet opportunity he doesn't know it. He can't tell the difference between good luck and a case of measles.

The steady, ready worker never complains. He's too

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busy trying to better his condition. When a man is doing his level best he always finds life on the level.

When you meet a howler who blames his environment, his generation, his fellows, his country, you find a man who has failed in himself. Not geography nor time nor environment can hold down a fighter.

The right type of man will raise a grove of fig trees in a desert.

Failure isn't a disease of locality—it's a personal habit.

Anybody can get a steady living out of steady effort. The same clock that ticks off twenty-four hours for one man can't cheat his neighbor. The same laws of right and wrong, the same privilege to do and dare, are open to both.

All through the continent, old counties are changing their aspects. The stockbreeder who wasted fourteen acres of prairie upon one steer must hand over that land to a newcomer who can make it support fourteen humans and the steer.

Prairie sections which once went begging for buyers at a dollar an acre are now bearing enough cotton and cane and truck and fruit to raise their value a hundred fold.

The same soil was there all the while. It was always worth a hundred times as much as its selling price, but not to the owner who wouldn't find it out.

The man who looks hard enough will find enough to repay him. Only the worker lasts. Carelessness and indifference and neglect are not timbers for the builder.

There are no free passes over the modern road. Fortune has an interstate commerce law of her own—she won't deadhead anyone.

Everybody who ever did anything, anywhere, had to find

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the grindstone and run himself against it until he developed an edge that would cut something.

Half of greatness is grit. When intelligence is backed up by the determination not to back down, the only thing under the sun that is impossible is something that can't be imagined.

—From *Do Something! Be Something!*

NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY.

THE SPENDTHRIFT

YOUR purse stands on the shelf. Tick-tock, tick-tock, how it leaks!

One by one the minutes fly. Hurry, spendthrift, check your losses; you can't replace one squandered day.

Invest your hours, invest your powers while you have a balance.

Stop doubting. Ambition must have free play; she can't strike with shackled arms.

Opportunity is calling, the world is thinking in Titanic phrases, mighty adventures are under way, great expeditions are setting forth into the unknown. How much longer will you stand aside? Where is your fighting blood, where your courage, where your pride?

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock; your chance is slipping by! Make speed, or you'll be left behind.

You're competent and healthy and sane, you have all your limbs and faculties. What more do you want?

Everything that has been wrought on the face of this earth was accomplished with exactly the same outfit that Nature gave you.

Use your gifts—don't give in. You are of the same breed

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as the men who now control your comings and goings, who dictate at what and when, where and how, you shall labor.

Their success was not a birthright—it came out of effort, out of action, out of dauntless persistence.

You're to blame for your failures. Weakness can't persist where it isn't acknowledged.

You can will yourself into anything. The only actual cripples are cowards.

Own up and put the blame where it belongs,—on your own head.

You've welched, you've been a bad player in the Big Game, you've accepted knock-downs for knock-outs, you've exaggerated bruises into mortal wounds.

You want the best things of life without giving the best of yourself in payment; you've haggled over the price of existence.

Your present is uncertain because you've looked for certainties in the past.

TAKE A RISK OR TAKE THE COUNT!

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock; the older you grow, the heavier your losses. Your purse is thinning.
Act!

You can't be checked if you mean to win. The Dark Ages are gone, and with them went all barriers.

Five hundred years ago, society with its injustice and intolerance might have held you under foot, but to-day you're king of your own domain, lord and master of your welfare.

Have you no pride, have you no faith?

Look around you. Wherever your eye turns some man with no better start than yours, with no greater education and no sounder constitution, is shaming you because he didn't quit—because he considered himself equal to his

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opportunities, and, despite every delay and disappointment, kept the fires of Hope flaring.

Have you ever really thought, have you ever really fought, have you ever made one thorough attempt to do better, have you once given yourself a fair, full show?

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock—time is sweeping on!

—From *The Efficient Age*.

NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY.

NOT AN ODE TO SPRING

THE new year found the maple in despair—a gaunt, creaking, rheumatic wreck, stripped to its battered limbs.

Then Spring whispered courage into the desolate heart—again it felt the throb of youth and forgotten ambitions sped from branch to branch, harking them back to duty, until every twig gave answer to the call.

The winter barrens, too, are gone, and in their stead are magic tapestries in green and rose and golden yellow.

Here, a clump of violets shyly lifts above the grasses. There, a gay company of daisies races up the hillside, and yonder, a crimson clover nods her dainty head to a foraging bumble-bee.

The vagrant winds bring with them the fragrance of distant orchards, the pastures are lush and the roadside is hedging with mullein and sumac and berries in flower.

(For further details, refer to the works of Algernon Charles Swinburne, or any seedsman's catalogue.)

No, this isn't a song to spring; on the contrary, it's a hard-hitting, prosaic talk to quitters—to men who've

H E R B E R T K A U F M A N

stopped believing in themselves, and therefore, possibly, to *you*.

All nature is trying to make you understand that you can begin again—trying to tell you that few losses are so utter but that they can be replaced—trying to teach you that failures are fertilizers for growth.

The sapling does not bear fruit at the first try, but, with hope undiminished, it strives and strives until it fulfils its mission.

Are you inferior to a chestnut? Will you let a crab-apple cover you with shame?

Society does not demand that you win immediately, but we do insist that you maintain faith so long as you have the strength with which to attempt.

There is no hour so splendid as that which proves that you can surmount defeat.

Hardship is hurtful merely to cowards. It can't break a real man's back—it only stiffens his backbone.

Fortune frowns on weaklings. But if you resist and persist, if you can "come back" with undiminished determination. Few hopes are vain.

You are more competent with your misfortunes behind you than those whose storms and setbacks are yet before them.

If your former place is filled, don't worry—there's ample room somewhere else.

At the outset of their careers, most of the leading men in history had to be kicked out of their complacency and punished for contentment with third-class uncertainties.

Put doubt aside—aim high—and take a first-rate dare.

Even if you miss the mark, you can't fall farther than the bottom and you're there already.

HERBERT KAUFMAN

Spring is not only a season—but also an attitude of mind
—it's always the right moment to blossom out anew.

—From *Neighbours*.

NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY.

THE WAITING WOMAN

A WOMAN is waiting for you, my lad—
Ride past!
Her cheeks are soft and her mouth is glad—
Ride fast!
For the flash of her glance is the light of bane,
And the touch of her lips is the key to pain,
And she calls to the wise man—all in vain!
But youth is strong and will find no wrong
In the lilting lure of her ancient song.
And the thing that's art, and the thing that's heart
Only the knowing can tell apart;
And the price of the knowledge is black with stain,
And the seed of the wisdom, bad.
She would barter her love for your own, my lad—
Ride past!
But your love is good and her love is bad—
Ride fast!
She offers the fruit of the bitter tree,
Her kiss is the promise of misery,
Of death and of woe; let her be! let her be!
Youth is bold and of eager mold,
And brass in the ken of youth is gold,
And the acid of grief is the only test
For the tawdry tinsel within her breast—
Which only the eyes of the wise can see—
And the eyes of the wise are sad!

—From *Poems*.

NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY.

FAST HORSES AND POOR MEN'S BARNs

YOU can't hold a fast horse in a poor man's barn; he'll find his right place when he strikes his real pace.

You can't dam rising waters and you can't down rising men. Ability, by the law of gravity, seeks its proper level.

No matter where a good man stands, the rest of humanity knows how he stands.

Competition has the eye of Asmodeus. Your rival usually knows everything that goes on behind your walls; he can't win his own game unless he watches yours.

You can't becloud your stars; ultimately they'll shine through obscurity and display their brilliance.

The world's master tenor began his career in a village opera troupe.

The "cracks" of the Big Leagues pitched their curves from country diamonds across metropolitan plates and batted home-runs over hamlet fences to cities a thousand miles away.

The Mississippi began business in the blind heart of a mountain range, but managed to work its way clear through the continent.

It isn't where a man starts but what a man starts that gives him status.

No matter how thick the throng may be, the head of the giant towers above his inferiors. The less conspicuous his surroundings the more prominent he becomes.

You can't conceal a bushel in a peck measure; it's bound to overflow its narrow confines.

Superior force can't be restrained. A leader will forge

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to the front, no matter how much you may seek to hold him back.

Pay the market price of a deserving worker or you'll pay double for a competent successor.

When a valuable aid leaves your ranks and is lined up against you, you must not only give battle to his native wit, but combat as well with the training which you gave him.

Only a bigoted, blinded ass believes that men will continue to work for him at less than they are worth.

This is the day of national circulations, of single newspapers which spread over a dozen states. "Want" pages are market places, bill-boards posted with offers to efficient help.

Progressive commerce is constantly sending its messages throughout the whole continent, prospecting in every out-of-the-way corner for rich minds.

Your sole hold on any man's services is his confidence in your fairness.

The moment he finds that you have taken advantage of his fidelity, he throws off all bonds of loyalty.

From that instant all his thoughts are centered on his own advancement. If he can better himself, he will leave you in the lurch overnight, no matter how sorely you may require his services.

If you don't give him a square deal he won't give you a fair field.

—From *The Efficient Age*.

NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY.

THE LIVING DEAD

BATTLES have you and I to fight and we fight with the
souls of men.

We rise and fall then we heed the call,

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And we rise and fall again,
We fight for the right and the sake of the fight,
And we fight at the bid of hate.
We stab with wit and we fend with grit,
But we play the game as the rules are writ,
With never a damn for Fate.

And we sometimes gain and we sometimes lose, but it isn't
 upon the sleeve,
For we never show that we feel the blow,
And we smile while we hurt and grieve,
When our heart-chords strain and we writhe with pain
And our souls are a livid moan,
We hold it in with a masking grin,
And the world can't tell that we didn't win,
And the world can't hear the groan.

We buy at a price that the fool can't count and the coward's
 afraid to pay,
And the most we gain is the blind, black pain,
But we keep right in the fray.
We can take the knife 'till it takes our life
And can live in the empty shell.
We are dead and gone but we battle on,
For only *we* trow of the place that's torn,
And only *we* know of the Hell.

—From *Poems*.

NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY.

DO IT

DO It! Keep on and leap on—get through it!
 Don't stop in the road or hop like a toad
From this side to that, or fly like a bat
With your head upside down till your brain rattles 'round;
Of course—there are boulders!
But you have strong shoulders—
A tug and a stride, though, will move them aside—so!
Deep ruts? To be sure.

H E R B E R T K A U F M A N

Toward the end, though, they're fewer.
The path over there may appear more fair,
But you haven't time to find out if it's prime,
And the road to the right winds too far out of sight.
It may prove much slicker and smoother and quicker,
But you know your way's right, for the goal is in sight.
So what if it's rough— isn't sureness enough?
Jot this down where 'twill stay, for you need it all day.
What's got without effort is worth what it cost.
The easily gained things are easily lost.
When a road is worn flat you can bet your best hat
That it leads to a place where too many are at.
When a way is all roughness and gruffness and toughness,
And brambled and scrambled and wildly o'ergrown—
You can make up your mind
There are new things to find,
That you're getting at something that hasn't been known,
If you don't go on through it you'll live on to rue it;
Somebody who isn't a quitter will do it!
He'll laugh as he rambles his way through the brambles;
He'll know that the big things of life must be won.
He won't mind a stumble (it takes time to grumble);
He won't care a hang if he does bark his shin.
He won't be defeated because he's o'er heated,
He'll leap on and keep on until he gets in.

MARY'S EYES

WHERE did Mary get her eyes?
Shall I tell you? From the skies.
Once a fairy princess skimming
Through the air when day was dimming,
Saw a flash of violet gleaming,
Like a sapphire, priceless, seeming.
Quick she flew,
And caught its hue,
In a sparkling cup of dew.
Then she made the eyes of you. —From *Poems*.
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H E R B E R T K A U F M A N

KAUFMANISMS

WHEN every other ability fails you try reliability.

Don't judge a man by the noise he makes—the poorest machinery creaks the loudest.

Some men would get in oftener if they'd get out sooner.

The world is filled with 22-calibre men trying to explode in 42-centimeter jobs.

Impossibilities are merely the half-hearted efforts of quitters.

Most roosters wear their crows too long and their spurs too short.

Catch the gold fever and mine your mind.

You can't keep a fast horse in a poor man's barn. He'll find his right place when he shows his real pace.

Failure is not a disgrace if it isn't a habit.

Bury the past and don't mark it with a monument.

Measure your work with a speedometer, not a clock.

A man who remembers his last employer's secrets will betray yours.

HERBERT KAUFMAN

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—*Omaha World-Herald*.

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—*The Independent*.

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—*Binghamton Press*.

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